

ALHAMBRA & CENTRAL
DAILY AT 2:15 5:30 7:20 & 9:30 P.M. DAILY AT 2:30 5:15 7:15 & 9:15 P.M.

FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents
Yvonne DeCARLO
Brian DONLEVY
Jean Pierre AUMONT
Song of Scheherazade
in Technicolor
with EVE ARDEN • PHILIP REED
JOHN GUILLON and CHARLES KULLMAN

OPENING TO-MORROW

JOHN GARFIELD • NANCY COLEMAN • RAYMOND MASSEY
Dangerously
They Live!
How they got after the U-Boat fleet! A pleasure to see!
WARNER BROS. HIT
LIVE PATRICK • MORRIS OLSON • ESTHER DAI
Directed by ROBERT FLOREY
Original Screen Play by Martin Paterson

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** **SHOWING TO-DAY**

SPECIAL SHOWING TIMES
2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

GARY HAS THREE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE... BUT MADELINE HE WILL ALWAYS LOVE!

GARY COOPER
Cecil B. DeMille's
The Story of Dr. Wassell
IN TECHNICOLOR
Lorraine Day • Signe Hasso • Dennis O'Keefe
Carl Esmond • Stanley Ridges • Carol Thurston
Produced and directed by Cecil B. DeMille

SHOWING TO-DAY **Cathay** **At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.**

"THE BEST PICTURE OF 1946"

Mildred Pierce
Please DON'T TELL ANYONE WHAT SHE DID!
WARNER BROS. HIT
STARRING **JOAN CRAWFORD**
JACK PAGLEN
CARSON SCOTT
EVE ARDEN • ANN BLYTH • BRUCE BENNETT
DIRECTED BY **MICHAEL CURTIZ** • **JERRY WALD**

TO-DAY ONLY **MAJESTIC** **At 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.20 p.m.**

ADVENTURE! DANGER! ROMANCE!
CLARK GABLE • ROSALIND RUSSELL
in
"THEY MET IN BOMBAY"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
To-Morrow: **"THE STRANGER"**

In Canada

Reporter **NORMAN SMART** has been living among the first group of 7,000 men and women who are flying to Toronto under the Ontario Government's air emigration scheme. The first 38 emigrants have been there three weeks now. This final report brings into closer focus

4 people

BEGINNING WITH MISS DOROTHY GILBERT, 38-year-old waitress, lately of the Red Lion, Luton. She was getting along very well, grappling with her new job as a waitress in Toronto's smartest hotel, when her first air-mail letter arrived at her 358-n-week dig.

"I could have cried. The letter reminded me of the things I know so well in and around Luton. I am amazed I didn't book my passage back right away."

But now she is recovering, chiefly, I suppose, because she has got herself very well fixed up.

She left the reception hostel two days after she arrived and found her own digs. Then, hearing that the thing to do is to ring up the most important man in the business you have selected, she rang up the manager of the Royal York, the biggest hotel in the British Empire.

She was astonished when she was put through to him and he asked her to come round. "I wonder what would happen in London if I tried to ring up the manager of the Savoy for a job," she says.

After what she calls "a strict medical," she got a job on probation at £6 a week plus tips and three meals a day. For the first few weeks she is only serving at the hotel staff

tables. When the management is confident that she is efficient—and efficiency standards are very much higher than in England—she will be given a post in the restaurant, and she can expect to double her earnings right away, because the tips are good and the only meal she will buy is a breakfast of tea, toast, pure white bread and butter, and marmalade, costing a shilling. The tram fare to work and back costs eightpence a day, and the journey takes 25 minutes.

She works six days a week and "harder than in England."

"But it's almost worth emigrating for nylons at 7s. 6d. a pair coupon free."

She finds difficulty in making friends, however, and cannot get used to the Canadian habit of calling people by Christian names within a few minutes of being introduced.

The few friends she has already made have taken her around Sunny-side, a miniature Blackpool on the edge of Lake Ontario, ten minutes from the centre of the town. Here she ate popcorn at sixpence, hot dogs at sixpence and had a swim in the beautiful floodlit pool for 1s. 3d.

So altogether (except when she gets those convalescent twinges following homesickness) Dorothy is pleased with her new country.

begin life

A MARRIED COUPLE come next. Mr and Mrs Lynton Blow, of Southbourne, near Bournemouth.

Although Mr Blow denies that he has ever had homesick twinges since he arrived, he looks fondly at Toronto's children and thinks of his own two (Michael and Margaret) who are being cared for by friends at Southbourne until they can be brought out.

Blow's progress here has been sensational. Within a few days of arrival he applied for an insurance job with 114 others. He was one of the six chosen, and after a fortnight's training, came out at the top of the six in an examination. He has been working daily 12 or 14 hours, and he quite expects to work at least as hard as that for some months until he is established.

He and his wife have rooms, including bed and breakfast, at £4 a week on the outskirts of the town. He has bought himself a 1936 Buick car for £25 which he reckons would cost £300 in England. The road tax of £2 10s had already been paid, so he paid only five shillings tax transfer fee. He has already explored all the outlying country and hopes to get himself a house soon. The house he

has been looking at is in Woodland on Lakeside, 20 miles from Toronto, where there is good swimming and fishing and a little shooting. It has five rooms and every conceivable electrical device, including air conditioning. Price—£2,250.

Blow earns £10 a week at the moment, but he has already been promised a district managership within two months at about £20 plus an overriding commission.

His wife gets £7 10s. weekly at the local store as a stenographer. Out of this £17 10s. weekly they find they can save money.

Mrs Blow's lunch at the firm's cafeteria costs 1s. 3d., her husband's at a restaurant around 2s. 6d. Typical menu—chilled tomato juice, steak, salad and potatoes, blueberry pie with cream, 2s. 9d. (No! I have not found this restaurant myself yet, but Blow insists that it exists).

Both he and his wife find clothing cheaper than in England. A pair of good rubber crepe soled shoes 35s., shirts £1, men's underwear 2s. 6d., a garment. Socks he reckons expensive at 5s. a pair up.

Mr Blow sums up: "Here I've got a chance really to build something. Well, he's off to a good start."

once again

NOW A MAN who emigrated alone, William Browne, 29-year-old turner, formerly of Parkside Avenue, Barnet, Kent.

Browne is not as confident as Etow. Maybe the reason is that his wife and two children are still in England. Browne is very much a family man, and he misses them.

He started work with the Ontario Hydro-Electric Corporation at Niagara, but they moved him back to the Ontario branch. He gets £12 10s. weekly, pays 35s. weekly for room, no board, and gets lunch at the firm's restaurant for 1s. 9d.

Browne is still staggered by Canada's food and the amount people waste in restaurants.

Give him the menu in a restaurant and he reads the dozens of items with wondering care as if it was a work of fiction.

Right now he is among the happiest men in Toronto, because after tramping the streets three hours a night for a week he secured a three-roomed flat ready for his wife and family, at £4 a week. (This is four times what he was paying in England for a four-roomed house).

Browne is the best type of British working man and he makes new discoveries about his Canadian counterpart every day. He told me that almost all Toronto's tramcar drivers have their own cars, and many own cottages in the country.

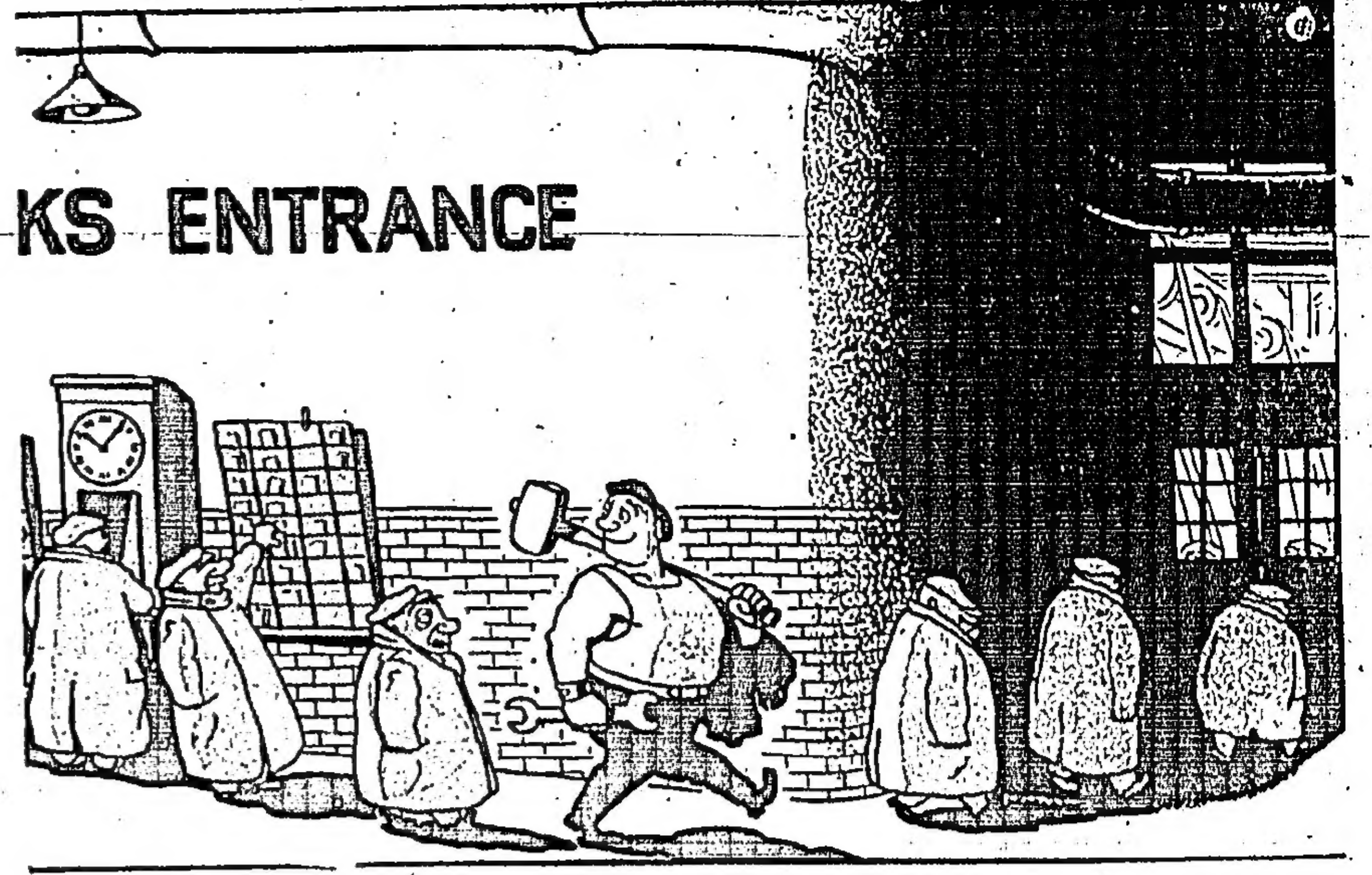
Of their own sailing boats on Lake Ontario. Browne, unlike Etow, thinks that most things are more expensive than in England, but as he admits, "you can get them."

He thinks dry cleaning a suit expensive at 7s. 6d.; a pair of men's flannel trousers of English cloth cost £7; taxis (which he only uses in an emergency anyhow) have a minimum fare of 2s. A replica of the tool cabinet for which he paid 30s. in England is £6 10s. in Toronto.

Like almost all other emigrants, Browne finds Toronto's humid heat temperatures have been well over 90 for three weeks—most exhausting.

He is rather wondering how he is going to react when the thermometer dives 30 degrees below zero and lower.

More than that, though, he is wondering whether he can hold out until his wife gets out against Mr. Browne's efforts to sell him some life insurance!



"What's up with you, inspired with the glorious incentive to work or did you find one of them stronger beer pubs?"

THIS MAN BEVIN

HIS STOCKPORT SPEECH MAY CHANGE BRITISH POLITICS

by **W. J. BROWN, M.P.**

WHEN, a couple of years or so ago, Mr Ernest Bevin, under the age-retirement rules of the Transport and General Workers' Union, relinquished the general secretaryship of that body, there were those who held that his position in politics would rapidly decline thereafter. For all Bevin's roots, throughout his life, had been in the industrial side of the Labour Movement.

In politics, which he entered at a late stage in life, he counted primarily because of his towering position in the trade union movement. When that went, the argument ran, then his political decline would set in.

Whatever else the Trades Union Congress did not do at the Stockport Congress, it did one thing. It demonstrated that that expectation was nonsense. With no official position in the trade union world, and attending the conference as a guest, Bevin's continued retention of power was plain to see. And the speech he made there will reverberate for a long time to come. It may, indeed, create a new line-up in British politics, cutting right across the party political divisions.

There are some men who, by virtue of the qualities inherent

in them, magnify and enlarge the particular positions which they occupy. There are others who, for lack of such qualities, diminish them.

The first retain their personal selves. The second lose them in the job or title.

Bevin is of the first order. In whatever capacity he has worked one has thought of him as Bevin first and a particular officeholder second.

As the dockers' representative of long ago, as the architect of the Transport and General Workers' Union, as the effective founder and builder of the Daily Herald, as the dominant figure in the TUC, as Minister of Labour, and now as Foreign Secretary, he has all along insisted on "the importance of being Ernest" Bevin.

Learner From Life

His second most marked characteristic is that he is a learner from life rather than from the books. Consequently his approach to problems is the practical, empirical approach.

This leaves him much freer than the Slaves of the Generalisations. They must ask what the theory would require. Bevin is free to ask what ought to be done.

Throughout his life this practical approach is evident.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

DORMEZ, lions de l'Atlas! The sea serpent
Sleep, lions of the deserts and forests of the world. Your tormentor has left you in peace, to exchange the gun for the pen.

Prodrome: Have you been big game hunting?

Myself: No. Small game hunting. Mosquitoes.

One day, I suppose, an enterprising publisher will implore me to let him publish the tale of my almost incredible adventures during the last month. It will be given one of those tomtom titles like "Whither Korea?" or "Draums Over Chile," or "Forty Days in Unknown Peoples" (unknown being the operative word).

Pithy conversation

THE Customs officials winced when I declared "Three lions." "For a zoo?" they asked. "No," said I. "They're dead." "Where are they?" "In this small case." "Lions?" "Tiny dwarf lions. To make a tobacco pouch." "Open the case," I opened it. "They look like ferrets," said the official, chalking the case. "Where did you get them?" "In exchange for a British cigarette at a fair in Bou-Zul." "Where did you get the British Arab cigarette at Meknes?" Native porters then carried my luggage to the train.

The explanation

THERE is only one explanation of the incident, and that is that there is a small sea serpent in that I mentioned this merely said: "It is not dangerous." To which I replied: "No, but I am. Let it keep out of my way in future." And let no "expert" deny this existence of sea serpents.

Prodrome: Perhaps you were over-fired.

Myself: Perhaps you are talking your pestilential drivel again.

When war made it plain that the whole manpower of Britain must be organised to the last degree he operated the direction of labour more ruthlessly, and more acceptably, than any Conservative Minister could have done.

As Foreign Minister, speaking for England, he has held stiffer language to Molotov than Eden would have used. He does what he thinks the facts call for.

His mental processes are a little inchoate. He does not reason so much as react. He murders the King's English as badly as Winston Churchill. In his speech at Southport, one of the reporters tells me, there was one sentence with nearly two hundred words, half a dozen diversions, and no ending whatever.

Saving Word

BUT if with him speech is not, as it is with Churchill, the conscious exercise, on a very high level, of a great, but rather the operation of instinct struggling for utterance, the instinct is usually very sound. It was sound at Southport.

There were gathered a thousand representatives of the trade unions. They were aware that something was radically wrong. From the utterances of Ministers they gleaned little light or hope. Inexorable circumstance compelled cuts of uncertain degree and undetermined duration. Nothing had they for our comfort, and nothing for our desire, save that the sky grew darker yet, and that the tide rose higher.

It was against this background that Bevin said a saving word. It was that the way of salvation was not to be reconciled to permanently lower standards of life, not to be content to live as pensioners of the Americans, with strings attached to the pensions. It was to achieve a vast increase in production, partly by getting rid of all the practices which inhibited it, and, further, by utilising the vast resources of the Commonwealth and Empire.

Without them we are a small, heavily-overpopulated island off the north-west coast of Europe, doomed either to export a great part of our population or to sink to a Balkan level of life. With them we can be as rich as America and as powerful as Russia.

He favoured a Customs Union of the Empire.

Not Paupers

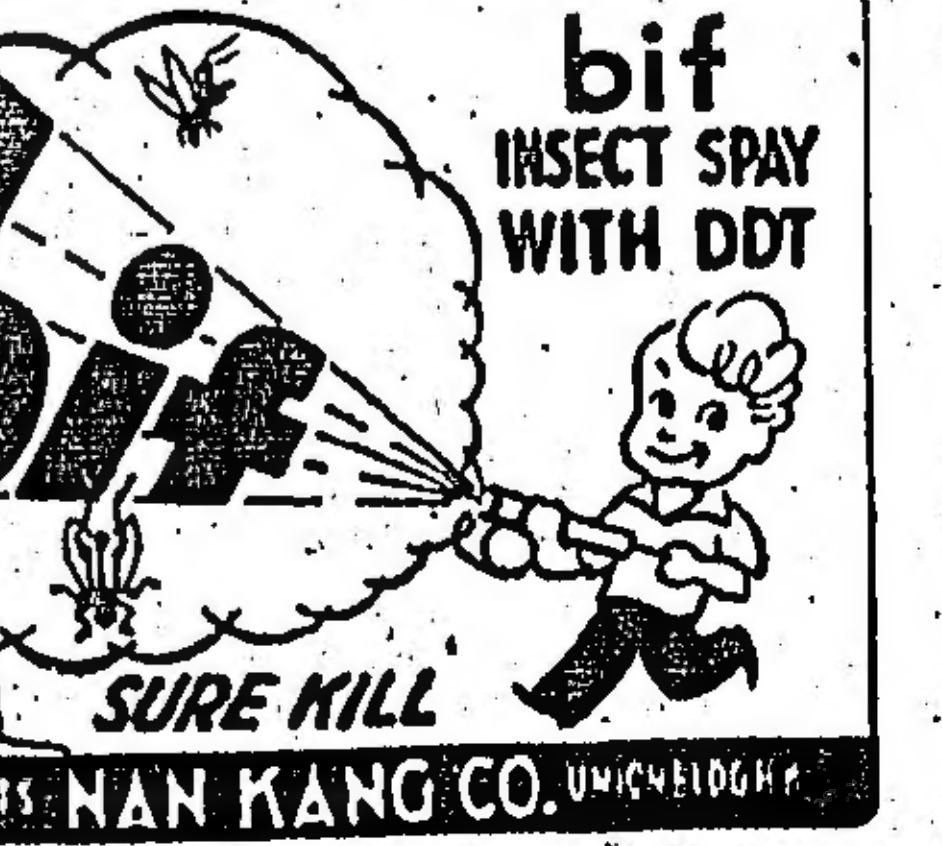
I WILL not argue about the mechanics of the business. They would be comparatively easy for the Colonies; more difficult with the Dominions. But it is not the mechanics which really matter here. It is the dynamics.

Bevin's speech was the first indication that any Minister was thinking in terms of anything but passive acquiescence in hostile circumstances, the first evidence of a determination to grapple with circumstance and overcome it.

The British are not paupers. We are trustees of a vast and largely undeveloped estate of incredible potential wealth. After Bevin's speech there is a new issue in politics, to add to the old. It is the issue between those who are willing to rise to opportunity, and those who, in the weakness of their spirits, would acquiesce in doom.

That issue, in the circumstances of the coming months, may produce striking changes in the political situation, and deliver us from the creeping paralysis of these days.

NANCY Wanted: an Inspiring Audience



By Ernie Bushmiller



